With their fin'ſt palſat, and truſt to me *Vliſſes*
Our imputation ſhalbe odly poizde
In this vilde action, for the ſucceſſe,
Although perticuler ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad vnto the generall,
And in ſuch *indexes* (although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes) there is ſeene,
The baby figure of the gyant maſſe,
Of things to come at large: It is ſuppoſ'd
He that meetes *Hector*, yſſues from our choice,
And choice (being mutuall act of all our ſoules)
Makes merit her election, and doth boyle,
(As twere from forth vs all) a man diſtill'd
Out of our vertues, who miſcarrying,
What heart receiues from hence a conquering part,
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to them ſelues.

Vliſſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech? therefore tis meete,
Achilles meete not *Hector*, let vs like Marchants
Firſt ſhew foule wares, and thinke perchance theile ſell;
If not; the luſter of the better ſhall exceed,
By ſhewing the worſe firſt: do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meet,
For both our honour and our ſhame in this, are dog'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes what are they?

Vleſſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent.
And it were better parch in Afiique Sunne,
Then in the pride and fault ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foild,
Why then we do our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lottry
And by deuiſe let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*, among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance for the better man;
For that will phiſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broyles in loud applauſe, and make him fall,

His

His creſt that proud
If the dull brainleſſe
Weele dreſſe him vp
Yet go we vnder ou
That we haue bette
Our proiects life thi
Aiax imploy'd pluck
Neſt. Now *Vliſſes*
And I will giue a taſ
To *Agamemnon*, go
Two curres ſhall tau
Muſt arre the maſtiff

En

Aiax. Therſites.

Ther. *Agamemnon*
rally. *Aiax.*

Ther: And thoſe
rall run then, were n

Ther. Then woul
now.

Aia: Thou bitchw

Ther. The plague o
witted Lord!

Aiax. Speake then
thee into hanſomne

Ther. I ſhall ſoon
thinke thy horſe
booke, then thou
ſtrike canſt thou? a

Aiax. To de-ſtoole

Ther: Dooſt thou
thus? *Aiax*

Ther: Thou art pro

Aiax. Do not Porp

Ther. I would thou
the ſcratching of th
in Greece, when th
as ſlow as another.